

Sincerely, Yours

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Sincerely, Yours

by [hendollana](#)

Summary

“Hello?” An American voice filters through George’s headphones, and okay, he is definitely attracted to a complete stranger's hands and voice.

“Hi,” George replies, “No face cam?”

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or, George connects to a stranger on Omegle who's camera is pointed at their hands.

Notes

this was inspired by last week when the george omegle pics and dream hand pics dropped so please envision them when reading

title from sophie meiers

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It’s a stupid decision. George *knows* it’s a stupid decision.

But it’s one in the morning, his flatmate is at his girlfriends place, and he’s bored. George reasons that these are all perfectly good excuses to justify why his cursor is hovering over ‘Omegle: Talk to strangers!’.

It reminds George of being fourteen again, having a sleepover with his friends, laughing as they

switch Xbox controllers for a beat up laptop, and then proceeding to scream every time one of the strangers is an old man with his dick in his hand.

That's probably why it's a stupid decision. George is far too old now to find Omegle funny, and far too not straight to get anything out of the porn bots, but that doesn't seem to stop him as he clicks the blue 'Video' button on the bottom right. George thinks if he's going on Omegle, he might as well go all in with video and no interests, get the full on stranger experience.

George is nervous as he waits to connect to someone, fingers tapping away on his desk as he watches the black box fill with the image of three teen girls sitting on a bed with fairy lights behind them. George feels a bit inadequate now, his background being his hastily made bed and stacked Minecraft cubes on his bedside table.

The girls are giggling, and George hates himself for wondering if they're laughing at him.

"Hi," George says, and he thanks whatever God is looking down on him today for not sounding as uncomfortable as he feels, "How are you?"

"Oh my god," The girl in the middle speaks, pushing her friend on the left as she giggles, "Kayleigh, he's *British*."

George finds himself smiling a little, nervously reaching up to push back that one piece of hair that drops down onto his forehead, "Yeah, I am."

"Cool!" The girl on the left says, Kayleigh, George remembers, "Where are you from?"

"London," George answers easily, ignoring how hot under the neck he feels to have three teenagers staring him down, "Where are you all from?"

Honestly, George doesn't care, his finger is hovering the stop button, but he was raised well so he figures he should ask before he leaves.

"Arkansas," The girl in the middle answers, giggling as she flips her hair before speaking again, "You should totally come visit."

"Um, thanks for the offer but I'm gonna have to say no." George replies, clicking the escape on his keyboard before the girls have anything else to say.

George feels a little bad, but really only a little. He's possibly regretting his decision to go on Omegle more and more by the minute, especially when the next person he connects with has a plain black camera screen, and the *next* person after that has their camera angled suspiciously low.

Okay, so many going on Omegle out of boredom was a mistake, because if anything George is *more* bored. He figures he'll click reconnect one last time, and then when it's a teen boy who automatically skips over George he'll log out and start working on his uni work, and, *oh*.

The stranger's camera slowly comes into focus, and there, filling half of George's monitor, are the nicest looking hands he's ever seen. *Fuck*.

The person's hands are resting on an expensive looking keyboard, and their fingers are almost covering all the keys that's how big their hands look, and *fuck*, George is in trouble here. The stranger's nails are painted too, black and chipping at the ends, and George can't stop the small intake of air he knows is audible when their index finger drags along the spacebar.

"Hello?" An American voice filters through George's headphones, and okay, yeah he is definitely

attracted to a complete stranger's hands and voice.

“Hi,” George replies, trying his best to not make it obvious that he’s making sure he looks presentable in his own webcam, “No face cam?”

The stranger laughs, a complete stranger who has spoken one word to George laughs, and George feels his whole body fill with a pleasant buzz. It’s more of a chuckle really, and now all George wants to do is make this person laugh till they’re holding their stomach in pain.

“No,” They reply, and their voice is deep and *warm* and George wants to listen to them ramble about the things they’re passionate about, “Who knows what kind of weirdos are on the internet, can’t let them see my face.”

“Like you?” George counters, and feels himself grin when the person laughs again, “I mean, it’s kind of weird to just show your hands.”

“Oh yeah?” They reply, and then flex their hands into a fist, and holy *shit*, George should not be so into the veins that pop up along his tanned hands, “You seem to be enjoying it.”

“What?” George splutters, taking a quick glance to where his face is showing on the website, and okay, maybe his face is a little pink, but how could this person figure out he’s into their hands just from a three inch wide webcam feed.

“Knew it,” The person says, and George can almost *hear* the smugness in their voice, “Can I get a name to match your pretty face?”

“Oh my god,” George breathes, and now he knows his face matches the soft pink glow of the LED lights behind him, “You *are* the weirdo on the internet.”

The stranger laughs again, but this time instead of a light chuckle, it’s a wheeze. An airy wheezy laugh that George wants nothing more than to listen to forever, wants to press his face against the person's chest and listen to them laugh until four in the morning.

George doesn’t even know their fucking *name*.

“Maybe,” They say through laughs, and George wonders how obvious it is that he’s staring at the way the person is spinning the silver ring on their middle finger, “I’m Dream.”

“Dream?” George asks, raising an eyebrow, “Your parents named you Dream?”

“You’re such an idiot,” The stranger, *no*, Dream, says, “Obviously not, but you don’t need to know my real name till you’re screaming it.”

George can feel his face heating up even more, and groans into his hands as he hides his face behind them, “And I’m supposed to tell you my name after you’ve said that?”

“Hey,” Dream says, and now his voice is softer, a tone George hasn’t heard yet but reckons he could fall in love with, “Just tell me to shut up and I will.”

“No, no, it’s fine,” George says, dropping his hands from his face to fiddle nervously with the ties on his joggers, “I’m George.”

“George,” Dream says, as if practicing the way it rolls off his tongue, and George can’t ignore the shooting of warmth that spreads through his stomach when he repeats it, “George, I like that.”

“Thanks, Dream,” George says quietly, watching intently as Dream pulls the silver ring he was spinning around earlier and drops it onto his desk, the clatter of metal against wood dragging George out of his thoughts, “Um, so what are you doing on a hell site such as Omegle?”

“Oh, you know, the usual,” Dream says, now pushing the ring between his hands on the table, and George wonders how much bigger Dream’s hands are than his, if the tips of his fingers could bend over George’s, “Trying to find hot young singles in my area.”

George snorts a little, because trust the stranger on the internet with the nice hands and warm voice to be funny too, or maybe George is already down bad after fifteen minutes of talking.

“Well,” George starts, smiling at his webcam, “I am young and hot, but I’m not too sure I’m in your area.”

George feels successful when Dream does the wheezy laugh again, bringing one of his hands out of shot for a few seconds before it returns, and George knows he’s staring at the way Dream’s fingers rest on each other, but he can’t find it in himself to care.

“Unless you’re British in America, I doubt it,” Dream says, and George’s eyes are still transfixed on the way his long fingers are tapping away to the beat of the soft music playing in the background, “I hope not *too* young, though.”

“I’m twenty four,” George smiles, bringing his own hands up to fix his headphones, “So unless you’re like, under twenty or over thirty, I think we’re all good.”

“Huh,” Dream says, “I’m twenty one, so yeah, we’re all good.”

George is grinning now, and he wonders if Dream is staring at his webcam feed the way George is staring at Dream’s, wonders if Dream is thinking about the way George looks, thinking about his smile, or that one piece of hair, George *wants* him to be.

“Can I really not see your face?”

“Do you have Discord?” Dream asks, and George doesn’t miss the way his hands drag a mouse into view and *fuck*, his right hand almost covers the whole thing, and George has never found himself so into a man’s hands before than he is now.

“Uh, yeah, it’s just my name, and then the numbers are zero, five, three, seven.” George replies, eyes following the way Dream’s hands return back to his keyboard and type George’s Discord name out.

“Added you,” Dream says, just as George watches a notification pop up on his screen saying ‘Dream requested you as a friend’, “Get it?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay, great,” Dream speaks, and George’s eyes trail the way his fingers curve over the mouse, “I’ll disconnect from here and then call you?”

All George does is nod, because he doesn’t think he’s capable of speech when Dream’s index finger is now lightly spinning the scroll wheel, his gaze firmly fixed on it until his screen turns white and Omegle is asking him if he wants to connect to another stranger. George doesn’t, he absolutely doesn’t.

It isn’t until George is pulling up his webcam feed and making sure his hair looks okay, and

stressing over if there are visible cat hairs on his t-shirt that the insanity of the situation sets in.

Because, holy shit, George has just given his Discord and agreed to call a complete stranger who he met on fucking *Omegle*. George wonders what his mum would say if she saw him now, breaking all the unspoken rules of stranger danger, just because said stranger had the nicest pair of hands George has ever seen.

And maybe, maybe it's because George has always fallen too quickly. Always reached the threshold of infatuation too soon, jumped in and not looked at the ground.

Mostly, it's the nice pair of hands.

The ping of an incoming Discord call pulls George out of his incoming panic spiral, and he's clicking accept before he can convince himself it's a horrible idea to video call with a person he doesn't even know.

When George sees Dream's face, he knows it wasn't a stupid decision, going on Omegle was definitely *not* a stupid decision.

If George thought Dream's hands were attractive, well, the rest of his body matches. Dirty blond hair frames his face, curling a little at the ends, and he's got those stupid cheekbones that George wants to run his finger across, Dream's wearing a plain white t-shirt and, *fuck*, George can't let his eyeline linger on his broad shoulders.

"George?"

"Dream," George replies, lips curling into a smile, "Hey."

"Hey," Dream breathes out, his own face matching George's smile, "Face cam up to your expectations?"

"You could say that," George scoffs, and then feels a bit shy when Dream raises an eyebrow, "You definitely knew it would."

"Maybe," Dream laughs, and George knows he's screwed at this point, knows he's not going to stop think about Dream's head tipping back when he laughs, long tanned neck on show, "It's hard to compare myself to you though, I mean, I really knew I'd hit the jackpot when you showed up on Omegle."

George groans, shoving his face into his hands, "Stop it."

"Seriously!" Dream says through laughter, "I'd seen like, five penises before you, and then, bam, super cute guy, I was shitting it that you were gonna skip me."

"Have you *seen* your hands?" George exclaims, messing up his hair a little as he gazes back at Dream, "Why the fuck would I skip that."

Dream outright laughs at this, and George hopes whoever he lives with isn't annoyed at the noise, "Oh yeah?" And now Dream is bringing his hands into the frame, flexing them a little, and George thinks he might die on the spot, "You into that?"

"Maybe, but I'm not into your cockiness." George speaks, it's a lie, it's a definite lie, but he can't have Dream knowing that, not yet at least.

"Well, that's a pity, because I *am* a Leo."

“I have no clue what that means, but good for you.” George grins, and he hates himself for the way his toes curl when Dream laughs again, hates himself for wanting nothing more than making a guy he met an hour ago laugh and *laugh*.

“I like the Minecraft blocks on your table,” Dream says, and George smiles at the way the American cranes his neck to try and look behind George, “You play?”

“Yeah,” George says, tucking his fringe up under his headphones, “I code too, just for fun, stupid plugins and stuff, but it’s cool, I guess.”

“No way!” Dream exclaims, sitting up straighter on his black gaming chair, and George wants to kiss the giddy grin off his face, “Me too, we should totally play together sometime.”

“Okay,” George says, tone gentle, basking in the way Dream is staring at him through the screen like he’s a puzzle waiting to be solved, “We can now, if you like?”

George doesn’t really know how this is his life. He has no clue how he went from going on Omegle out of boredom to sitting in the bedroom of his boyfriend's house.

If someone were to ask him, George would it explain it like this; sometimes people just click, sometimes you meet your soulmate on a video chatting site, sometimes you spend ten hours on a call the first time you speak to them, sometimes chatting daily turns into a relationship, sometimes the love of your life is across the ocean.

Sometimes things are hard to explain, but George knows that he won’t ever stop falling in love with Dream, Dream who seven months ago was a stranger, Dream who used to fall asleep on call, Dream who gushed about how pretty George is, Dream who whispered sweet nothings into melting Florida air, Dream who knew George was listening.

George doesn’t need to be able to explain it though, not when he’s pressing a kiss to each of Dream’s fingertips whilst Dream rests his head on George’s, not when his stomach is swirling with happiness, smile hidden against Dream's chest.

Sometimes, falling too fast is a good thing.

End Notes

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